THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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ON CATHOLIC PUBLICITY

WHILE we radically disagree with Mr. Stanley High, formerly editor of the *Christian Herald*, on prohibition, we cordially admire the consistency and courage, and also the ability, displayed by him and his editorial associates of the *Christian Herald* in upholding prohibition, and we sincerely hope that he and his associates will be successful in launching and in maintaining the Protestant daily newspaper which is soon to make its appearance in New York, under the editorship of Mr. High and a group of others whose names have not yet been announced. It is to be presumed that the new daily newspaper will in the main represent an influential group of prohibitionists, led by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who will endeavor to redeem the prohibition cause from much of the justifiable criticism and condemnation provoked by the deplorable methods of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals. Whether this movement will effectively stem the strong tide of opposition to prohibition which obviously is now flowing is, of course, a debatable question, although for our own part we are willing to affirm our conviction that it will not be successful. We are, however, more interested at present in other aspects of the projected Protestant newspaper than its hope of rallying the lagging forces of the prohibition hosts.

What is more important than the stand it will take on prohibition, is the fact that the new paper will be "dedicated to Christian ideals and committed editorially to liberal causes." Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been pledged to the support of the new paper. Associated with the project are some of America's most successful publishers, "and with it are men and women socially prominent, financially successful, and representative of the best in daily life." Both Dr. Poling and Mr. High assure the public that the new journal will be a true newspaper—"not a house organ for any campaign, not a propaganda journal sheet for any movement. It will be a newspaper worthy to stand by the side of the most distinguished in the field of daily journalism, and it will carry the promise of financial success from the beginning."

Experienced journalists, particularly those associated with the business side of journalism, shake their heads sceptically over this last statement. For ourselves, we believe that such a paper will have a distinct chance to establish itself on a paying basis. We think so because we are of the opinion that there are millions in Protes-

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tant groups in the United States who are repelled and to a large degree alarmed by the paganism of the predominant part of the daily press, and will back up a newspaper editorially committed to Christian principles, provided those principles are presented attractively and interestingly, and provided also that the editorial views are accompanied by a reliable and up-to-date news service.

There is, or rather there ought to be, a particular interest to American Catholics in this announcement. For we do not see how it can fail to make thoughtful Catholics realize how poorly equipped they are with adequate instrumentalities for reporting, and interpreting, those news events of the world which are of first-class importance not only to Catholics but to others as well. We of THE COMMONWEAL have had far too much first-hand experience of American journalism to lend ourselves in any degree to the support of an opinion fairly widespread among Catholics and other Christians to the effect that the American press is hostile to the Church, or to the interests of Christianity in general. Hostility implies a conscious intention. We think that little if any conscious intention to oppose Christianity exists among the owners and directors of the American press. It is obvious, indeed, that a large number of such owners and directors, as individuals, are members of various churches or other religious organizations. By far the greater number recognize the claims of the Church, and of Christianity, as hesitant diplomats recognize certain things of which they are fearful, namely, they recognize them "in principle."

The plain fact of the matter is that by far the larger number of journalists, and the controllers of journalism, who, after all, are those who control it financially, have no fixed spiritual principles to guide them. The press they direct reflects the views of the almost chaotic condition of the modern mind when detached from such fixed spiritual principles. The press as a whole is not anti-Christian, it is simply non-Christian. Therefore, at least in the spiritual sense of the words, its effect counts against Christianity in the direct degree to which Christians, or believers in other forms of religion, abandon the field of journalism. There is nothing in daily journalism necessarily hostile or even injurious to religion. It is a neutral instrument, but for the most part it is in the hands of those to whom religion—at least organized, conscious, militant religion—is of no personal interest, and of little fundamental importance.

We congratulate our Protestant friends upon their enterprise. We deplore our own extreme backwardness and inferiority, as Catholics, in dealing with this situation. The Christian Scientists—in body numbering less than one million—support one of the most influential daily newspapers. The Jews maintain an international news agency—the Jewish Telegraphic Agency—of first-class rank. Twenty million American Catholics are at present almost inarticulate so far as adequate publicity outside their own ranks is concerned. When will they awaken to the fact, and take action?

WEEK BY WEEK

SUCH matters as Mr. Hoover's proposal to cancel German reparations payments for one year are subject to rapidly changing developments, so that what is written about them today may have no value tomorrow. At the present moment disagreement regarding the terms exists between the United States and France. The first reaction of the second country appeared to be alarmingly unsatisfactory, in that it seemed to discountenance going beyond the letter of the Young Plan. This had divided the annuities into two groups, subject to the operation of a sliding scale which, it was hoped, would materially aid the debtor nations in time. In 1931 the group of conditional payments, or payments postponable through a moratorium, is roughly equivalent to the instalment due on war debt in process of collection by the United States. On the other hand, the largest part of the group of unconditional payments—that is, those not postponable under the Young Plan—is reparations money owing to the French. The earliest news, therefore, seemed to indicate that whereas the French were ready to praise the United States for making concessions, they themselves were unprepared to offer any. No little pessimism was engendered by this report. Of course matters were really not as bad as they seemed. Paris was bargaining for a compromise, and the indications are that some acceptable middle course will be found. It would be no end of a calamity—quite apart from the seemingly inevitable collapse of Germany—if Mr. Hoover's step in the right direction were to carry him on over the edge of an unsuspected cliff.

The Great Debate

IT IS difficult for most of us to understand the French attitude. But, strange though it may appear, it is equally hard for them to understand ours. That every Parisian in his right mind understands the plight of Germany may be taken for granted, even if action has not carried knowledge into practical effect. The process of reconciliation between the nations which look at each other across the Rhine is almost necessarily slower than we wish, largely because though it is admittedly expedient it is not urgently desired. Many people on both sides of the boundary do not really *want* amity, and so leaders who do have to contend with this opposition as well as with the inertia of the mass, which is far more concerned about lower taxes than about international relations. On the other hand, recent weeks have revealed a hiatus less easily accounted for—the hiatus between France and the United States. To secure coöperation from another country implies a certain amount of preparation. One can't expect to breeze in some afternoon, after a year or two of backbiting, and receive a prompt handshake. No. Mr. Hoover's proposal is excellent for many reasons, not the least among which is the need of a steady, aggressive program of diplomatic action. One part of this

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action will certainly have to consist in talking things over with the French.

Measures of Relief

DURING the past two years the nation's welfare agencies have probably gained an amount of experience in coping with social distress hitherto unparalleled in the history of such problems in America. This experience no doubt suggests that existing relief machinery is inadequate and that the public at large has no conception of what adequacy would imply. We believe, however, that one result of it has been a stronger and better theory of action. The recent conference of New York welfare officials at Alexander's Bay seems to have made both points clear. Governor Roosevelt, in a message voicing the opinion that circumstances remain bad and that during the winter "serious conditions and very heavy responsibilities" will have to be faced, declared: "We are living in an age which has not yet learned how to prevent unemployment. In this country we have not learned how to collect reserves in times of prosperity to enable the worker to continue to live at a reasonable standard in times of unemployment." The obvious results are, in New York state, being dealt with in the best manner possible by coördinated public and private welfare agencies. But, apart from inevitable failures of operation due to duplication of effort, bad judgment and other permanent sources of error, it seems clear that our present system suffers from the lack of well-planned ultimate objectives. Accordingly Commissioner Pollock thought it well to offer the following recommendation at Alexander's Bay: "I believe that our organization should make a study of the cost and effect of unemployment and be ready to offer to our legislators some solution along the lines of unemployment insurance."

Mutters in Mexico

RECENT news despatches from south of the Rio Grande have caused a definite amount of uneasiness regarding the permanence and thoroughness of the existing religious peace. In two states—Vera Cruz and Tabasco—officials have assumed an attitude of hostility to the Church, have limited the number of priests who may officiate and have seriously interfered with normal Catholic activities. A protest in Vera Cruz seems to have brought from the judge the curious reply that though anti-ecclesiastical legislation had been passed, it was not in force and therefore not subject to opposition from the court. Conditions in Tabasco appear to be even worse. Here the anti-religious feeling of the government is beyond all doubt. We believe, however, that the general situation throughout Mexico is very much better and that the troubles indicated are purely local. The central government has given every reason to believe that its profession of respect for the rights of conscience is sincere. Now is the time, in our opinion, to stress the need for constant interest in and coöperation with Mexican Catholics. Reliable and complete news despatches are needed, for one thing. Not less imperative is the realization that the lot of the Church so recently freed of genuine persecution is not all roses, and that active aid in educational, social and religious activity is needed.

Catholic Science at Salzburg

SOME time ago THE COMMONWEAL spoke of efforts to establish a Catholic University in the old Austrian city of Salzburg, where the Benedictines have labored for centuries and where the arts of music and drama have flourished with such éclat during recent years. Progress has so far been very slow, owing to an almost complete lack of funds with which to carry on the work. One thing of great importance has, however, been accomplished. A three weeks' course of summer lectures by the most eminent Catholic scholars of Central Europe is offered at a minimum cost. This year the dates set are from August 3 to August 22—just when the lovely city is at its best. Though the subjects chosen have almost invariably a religious implication, they range from theology through philosophy to social doctrine and literature. The program likewise assumes an international character by reason of the presence of such authorities as Dr. Bullough of Cambridge and Jacques Maritain. It is perhaps the first time that so distinguished a group of Catholic academicians, truly representative of the universality of the Church, has gathered to serve the educated public. Because we believe that the matter should be of interest to many, we shall be glad to mail to those who request it a circular descriptive of the work—while the supply lasts.

The Cross-Streets of New York

THE FIGURES published by New Jersey imputing 31 percent of the injuries suffered from automobiles by pedestrians in that state to the pedestrians' own carelessness, suggest an interesting contrast with this city. For, without knowing the statistics, we have a very clear conviction that (if children are excepted) the situation is not the same here. That is, unless the meaning of "carelessness" is to be very unfairly extended. Our traffic regulations are pretty definitely for vehicular traffic. The pedestrian, so far as positive provisions go, is treated very much as Christian Science treats an error. There seems to be a working theory that he isn't there at all. This is especially true of the most recent regulations, which shorten the east-and-west "go" intervals to the point where, if there are right-turning motors to be dodged, the man on foot requires two of those intervals to get across one of the wider avenues. The expiration of the first interval finds him islanded in mid-stream waiting in mounting frenzy until the abnormally long north-and-south "go" period is over. If, in these circumstances, he sometimes dares all to get across anyway, some other theme besides "carelessness" should be the sub-

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ject of the ensuing lecture. It is not careless, but merely normal, to want to traverse a few crosstown blocks in an amount of time that bears some real relation to the actual distance covered; and sometimes it is not only normal, but necessary. We are not instructing the Police Department about the unprecedentedly difficult task of regulating New York traffic. We only wonder if some expedient taking the walker into account as a separate unit in the problem—perhaps a third, or pedestrian, shift—is impossible.

Is This Panic Passing?

WE HAVE been interested in recording, from time to time, protests of the kind which are now very usual, against the excessive "child-mindedness" of our age. They have been mainly professional protests, from educators who want more discipline in the schoolroom, or thinkers who question the wisdom of applying psychiatry to children wholesale. An amusing amateur manifesto now appears in the *Outlook* from Mrs. Zelda Popkin, who speaks not *qua* psychologist nor *qua* teacher, but *qua* mother. She reviews what she calls "the panic of the parents" during the last decade, when, "for some reason never made plain, it became necessary to start raising babies as though that had never been done before"; when the conscientious qualms about diet, thumb-sucking and recreation which no father or mother in the tide of modern thought could escape, the heart-searchings about spanking children, the corroding doubts about caressing them, were untempered by any tranquilizing assurance from the past. Of course, this is a one-sided picture; plenty of families escaped the blight of this fantastic excess, this isolation from tradition and, it may be added, from common sense. But plenty more who should have escaped it, did not; and there are wide general grounds for welcoming Mrs. Popkin's conclusion that the whole ludicrous business is reaching a natural term. She traces the growth of an intelligent professional doubt as to the omniscience of "child scientists," and feels that it marks at least the beginning of the reassertion of a normal, basic relation between parent and child, the realization that our mere hereditary technique of child rearing can be largely trusted. The vice of overworrying about and overanalyzing children will, she believes, be replaced by the good old-fashioned custom of living with them.

America Pays

AMERICA'S bitter fruits of victory in the recent war are not only in the large, unsettling and extremely dubious international debts which are currently the cause of an awakened public interest, but are also in her own debts which she is annually paying. Of this we are reminded by the recent consolidation of the Veteran's Bureau and similar agencies into the one Veterans' Administration which will have a $1,000,000,000 budget. Colonel George E. Ijams, director, reports for instance that in the last four months $793,000,000 in loans on adjusted service certificates has been distributed to 2,064,500 United States war veterans. During the last eleven months, the bureau has handled about 50 percent as many claims for disability allowance as were previously received in as many years. Medical activities have also shown a tremendous increase, 35,000 more out-patient treatments, 16,000 more hospital admissions and 750,000 more physical examinations having been recorded in the last eleven months than during the same period a year ago. Five new veterans' hospitals have been completed and additional hospital space contracted for where needed. In caring for about 35,000 veterans in hospitals, the bureau utilized sixty-five under its own supervision, forty-three under other federal agencies, and over two hundred state and local institutions. Thirteen years after, this is just some of the cost of war.

Bad Weather for Gangsters

IT IS perhaps too early for us to expand into self-congratulation on the ground that all our gangsters have been rounded up. They have not been, and even if they had, more would probably grow where they had been cut off. Capone will not take with him behind the bars that corporate thirst which it has been his career to slake, and so long as that thirst exists, so long will the emoluments that go with slaking it attract the daring and unscrupulous. But, for all of that, Capone's being behind the bars is a gain and a symbol. Similarly, inhabitants of New York state can feel happier in remembering the legal and police work which has resulted in the capture of men like Diamond, Stein, Greenberg and Schultz. It means not merely the removal of certain concrete menaces; cumulatively, it should mean the turning of a corner. The increasing efficiency and determination of the protectors of society, the decreasing apathy and cynicism of the public, should work together to restore to us some real measure of that healthy state of mind which regards crime as monstrous and exceptional, and its punishment as swift and inevitable. That is the most important single thing that could happen to us. When it does happen, all the needed reforms will follow.

Wilderness Note

STANDING on the ruined roof of a cathedral, surrounded by jungle into which, states the New York *Times,* he was probably the first white man to penetrate in over seven centuries, twenty-year-old Robert Shippee held aloft a long bamboo pole on the end of which was a message. George Johnson, co-leader of the Shippee-Johnson expedition into the fastnesses of the Peruvian Andes in search of lost and abandoned cities of the brilliant Peru under Pizarro, and of the still more ancient Inca empire, swung precariously from the landing gear of the expedition's airplane while it was being driven eighty miles an hour, and snatched the note from the pole. The plane then soared back over the mountain peaks to civilization,

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and a landing field, on the west coast. The note told that from some of the furtive and artless Indians who still haunt the jungle and the ruins of the two magnificent civilizations, one solely of their own ancestors and the other of the conquistadores, the expedition had learned that the valley where they were had been practically depopulated some centuries ago by a nameless plague. This incidence of youth and modern enterprise on ancient things now rapidly fading into the forgotten past, is a vivid picture. It arouses reflections on the raw, untempered urge to live—that wild luxuriant vegetative quality of the tropical forest that is so single in its function simply to survive that it easily outlasts and finally overthrows man's evidences of terrestrial life—on the wild ephemeral deeds of the two adventurers, and on that most mysterious of all adventures by which man's life is tempered and devoted to eternal ends, symbolized by the cathedral, highest point in the surrounding wilderness.

ALL THE WORLD

THOUGH the average non-literary man's idea of an advanced English course in an American university is still a semester of Browning, the general reputation of that blustery poet has manifestly suffered from numerous abrasions. Some of these have, of course, no objective sense. They come from the whacks a rebellious generation has administered to the respected pedagogues of years preceding. The "optimism" of so many Browning poems is intrinsically no duller or more unwise than the "sceptical bleakness" which modern literary chaps consider as dapper as a monocle. Nevertheless there are real faults—the fact that Browning is not at the bottom of things, though he proclaims lustily, and constantly, that he is, and the no less plain truth that he often mistook jumping for dancing, exclamation for epigram. To these sundry points of view the public remains, however, relatively indifferent. It has swallowed Mr. Browning whole in another form with huge and edifying delight.

"By one of those ironies of fashion that might have amused the Brownings themselves," says Virginia Woolf in a likable essay which the current *Yale Review* publishes, "it seems likely that they are now far better known in the flesh than they have ever been in the spirit." She is referring of course to the effect of a play which, in both England and America, has kept people buying tickets in all kinds of weather. According to the best reports, delicious currents of sweetness proceed up and down even the most sophisticated backs when the Barrett house in Wimpole Street is invaded by all the nicer varieties of love. And Elizabeth herself, whom true affection rouses from her bed and enables to walk all the way upstairs without stopping—Elizabeth who is both a poet and a darling, incarnation of all movie virtues and yet creature of sundry sublimating powers—is as irresistible as another hour in bed on a rainy holiday.

That romance unadulterated should still be able to capture the great public is not so astonishing as it may seem. In essence all folk left to themselves are incorrigibly in love with love—and loveliness. French publishers will tell you rather despairingly that, regardless of the successes of august literati, the masses will read neither them nor even detective tales. What the ordinary Frenchman wants is a rough path to the wedding bells, with two adorable hikers on the march. And if anybody imagined that the great bulk of Anglo-American readers had spurned all the shadows of George Barr McCutcheon, his guess was as wrong as General Custer's estimate of the Sioux. The recent vogue of "serious" literature sometimes realistic and not infrequently pornographic may be traced, perhaps, to the vast expansion of the collegiate reading market, where the urge to meet life's problems (or get a good earful) has been a mark of distinction. Yet, in spite of all this, the spectacle of romance as a going concern leaves much to account for.

We are not proceeding to absolve the sins of sentiment. Life, as the prophets have perennially seen it, is a rather trying experience, during the course of which all of us are badly shaken up. It is likewise sufficiently evident that literature would be sorry stuff if it were always shaking cocktails to waltz time. No, as soon as a human being starts cultivating himself, he necessarily says goodbye to the charms of vapidity. Even so, it is wrong to forget the immensely valuable prophylactic contained in the "popular" response to life. Mrs. George Washington, whose back is arched over the suds of your washtub, has little of bliss in the concrete. Usually her three kids have a toothache at least, and her worthy husband may be a suitable illustration for "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Yet Mrs. George Washington's heart knows afternoons when it ticks fast with vicarious joy. Realizing that Susan and Raphael will be united after the villain has been effectively laid low, she rubs the clothes harder and develops an appetite for dinner.

What the best of us have to learn to find in romance is the omnipresence of youth, by which is meant a sense of the absolute relativity of time. Possibly Browning's real function was to be an index thither, in his person as well as his writings. In the adventure of daring all, dreaming all, beautifying all, we learn part of the difficult business of sticking out through all. The Christian knows how his faith has perennially seized upon romance and given it a new form as well as a strange sanctification. Half the saints are people whose secret is akin to that of those who believe the course of true affection never runs smooth. And in what other spirit shall we interpret those mysterious but rapture-scented words of the Apocalypse, "And the spirit and the bride say: Come. And he that heareth, let him say: Come. And he that thirsteth, let him come. And he that will, let him take the water of life freely"? For it is also true that all the world loves a Lover.

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ZERO HOUR IN GERMANY

By MAX JORDAN

Mr. Hoover's bold action to relieve world-wide depression by preventing the bankruptcy of Germany has met with virtually universal approval. The following paper, written prior to that action, gives a vivid picture of the straits to which the German people have been reduced by a business recession that accentuated the effects of defeat. It is, we think, particularly valuable for the definite figures it aligns by way of illustration. "An empty stomach," the author concludes, "remains the best argument for violent upheavals," and that Germany has faced starvation is clear.—The Editors.

UP TO Easter, the optimists had slowly been gaining the upper hand. But now there is a consensus of opinion all over Germany that instead of getting better, things have been getting worse and that no upward trend is in sight anywhere. The seasonal alleviation of the economic pressure was far less pronounced than expected, and the government does not conceal its fears that the coming winter will beat all previous records in unemployment, unrest and radicalization of the masses. All silver linings have disappeared on the horizon. Gloom prevails. And worst of all: nobody is in a position to tell whither the country is headed.

All this may not exactly be news to American readers. Over here, we see from the papers that there is gloom enough in America, and it would therefore be ever so much more pleasant to relieve it by spreading good news from our end. But it seems that we are all in the same boat. No part of the world is being spared economic and sociological problems, and all indications point to the necessity of taking stock of the fundamentals of our civilization which have become doubtful in their very structure.

Discussing the present crisis in the recent shareholders' meeting of the Deutsche Bank und Disconto Gesellschaft, which is the largest and most powerful of all German financial institutions, Chairman Oscar Wassermann said that all attempts to make the old road once more passable by adopting artificial measures of reform will result in failure. The question, then, is which new road should be entered to regain stability and confidence. For the present, none of the multifold theories of political and economic reform commands the respect of a majority. *Tot capita tot mentes!* No end is in sight for this period of transition, and in the meantime we must simply find our bearings by concentrating on the immediate tasks of the day.

The German enjoys the credit of being thorough and systematic to the nth degree. The world believes that anything the Germans undertake is planned with penetrating logic and that their skill is up to the most troublesome task conceivable, even to the point of maintaining a most orderly state of affairs in the midst of a chaotic world. Indeed, this view led to the conception that a liberal philosophy as inaugurated with the establishment of the republic twelve years ago would not take root in the German heart, that sooner or later a reaction toward a more conservative, more disciplinarian, form of government would be felt. More recent developments seem to give added weight to such opinions.

It is true that economic factors lay at the bottom of the present crisis. One out of every four Germans (including dependents) is out of work, and among the fortunate majority of jobholders the living standard is far from comfortable. Some figures may be of interest. About half of the German people, 32,500,000 to be exact, are engaged in gainful occupations. Out of these 32,500,000, some 16,000,000 are earning less than 100 marks or approximately $25.00 a month! About 29,500,000 people have an income of less than 200 marks or about $50.00 a month. Only some 3,000,000 Germans are earning more than 200 marks a month, but most of them are all but comfortable. Seventy-seven thousand lucky individuals display the extravagant earning of between 1,500 and 3,000 marks. In the end, one finds that there are some 30,000 Germans left whose income surpasses the sum of 3,000 marks or not quite $715 a month.

According to the corresponding standards in America, this means that only the sixtieth part of the German people are economically well off, with the rest miserably pulling through. Take the medical profession, for instance. Official statistics are available from Saxony. Over one-third of all the physicians in that state have an income of not quite $1,000 per annum, while another third of them make between $1,000 and $2,000 a year. And this does not even represent their net income, as all professional expenses, outlay for equipment and the like have to be deducted from the total amount. Recently, a member of the Prussian Diet went even further by stating that some 40 percent of all the members of the medical profession earn less than 2,000 marks, i.e., about $500, yearly. There is no denying that the living standards are somewhat lower in Germany than in the United States. Still, the discrepancy is appalling. All allowances for bad times and business depression the world over cannot possibly modify the picture.

The conclusion is obvious. Common sense prevails in things political as long as the people have no serious complaint as to their minimum requirement for a decent living. But an empty stomach remains the best argument for violent upheavals.

The dole system has reached its critical stage. A year ago, there were about 2,800,000 unemployed in Germany relying upon 14,800,000 working comrades who by law had to contribute to the governmental un-

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employment insurance. Today, there are only some 11,500,000 paying members of the insurance system, while the number of unemployed has increased to 4,500,000! This means that a year ago there was one unemployed to every six insured. Today the relation is one to three. On the present basis every employed workingman pays an average of about 9 marks a month as his share of the unemployment insurance. Thus three times 9 marks would constitute the dole for a single person; in other words, not even $7.00 monthly per head!

If one considers that most unemployed have to support at least one dependent, wife, child or relative, the advantage of the dole, measured by such figures, becomes almost a fiction. In reality the dole amounts at present to about 60 marks per head, with the government paying the difference out of the general treasury. Sixty marks, or about $15.00, a month is better than 27 marks. But in practice this becomes the monthly budget for two people—the pitiful amount of $.25 a head per day!

There are in Germany three groups of unemployed. For the first six months of unemployment they are taken care of by the insurance on the miserable basis just described. If they have been unable to find employment within that period, they are transferred to the "crisis" group, where the government provides for four-fifths and their municipality for the other fifth of the dole. This second period is limited to a maximum of thirty-two weeks. Then follows the lowest and most desperate category of the "welfare" dole which is nothing but a camouflage of the poor house.

At the time of writing this article there are about 2,000,000 people who belong to the first, about 1,000,000 to the second and another 1,000,000 to the last group, while about 500,000 are wholly left to themselves as they have no legal claim to any kind of a dole. In none of the three categories is there any reliance on a stable budget. The federal unemployment insurance foresees a deficit of some 200,000,000 marks for the current year; about the same result is expected in the "crisis" department; and the municipalities which are already taxed far beyond their strength must figure with no less than 1,000,000,000 marks for "welfare" dole expenses per annum.

Is there no prospect for a lessening of this burden? For all practical considerations it seems that unemployment must be reckoned with as a permanent factor. Experts believe that even with the wheels of industry going at full speed, there would still be a surplus of labor estimated at 3,000,000 people, provided conditions remain unchanged with respect to population increase and emigration possibilities. During the coming winter a new high unemployment record will undoubtedly be established and the toll of misery and desperation will consequently be even heavier than ever before.

There is no need of going into the details of the situation any further. The nation is now taxed to the utmost of its strength, but there is no relief in sight. The combined budgets of the Reich, the states and the municipalities will show a deficit at the end of the current fiscal year of at least 2,000,000,000 marks, which corresponds to about $500,000,000. And this in spite of a most drastic economy in governmental expenditures, reduction of public service salaries and sky-high taxation in every conceivable field. Will the people withstand the extraordinary pressure and persist in remaining docile and orderly no matter how much longer their trials will last?

The thought of the coming winter is uppermost in the minds of all those in responsible positions. Still there is hope that the meeting between Ramsay MacDonald and Dr. Bruening at Chequers might become the starting point for a concerted action of the European powers to meet the emergency. But the hope is faint and the certainty of a most critical winter is strong. Obviously, extraordinary measures will be unavoidable, if by the beginning of cold weather there is no hope of alleviation. A heavy burden is willingly carried a long way, if the goal is tempting; it will be thrown off, if no goal is in sight.

In the midst of this chaotic situation, Chancellor Bruening remains the *rocher de bronze*. He has coined the phrase that the government must have the courage of unpopularity. He sees the situation devoid of all illusions. And he knows that heavy sacrifices must be imposed on the people before better times will be seen. Back of him stands President von Hindenburg, the grand old man of Germany, and back of both the Reich's army. These three remain as pillars between chaos and order. On their determination to preserve stability rests the destiny of the country.

The German people will not fail their leaders if the time should come when all strength must be rallied for a supreme task. Among the younger generation in particular who has grown up to manhood and womanhood since the end of the war, the desire for strong leadership has become ever more pronounced. German youth will give support to those who appeal to the innate German desire for order and discipline. The republic arose from the defeat, and the democratic system of government was handicapped through the consequences of a lost war. But the young generation shows no patience. It refuses to share in the responsibilities for the past and it seeks an outlet for its enthusiasm and for its energies. Any leader who promises relief and a better world will find their support.

Thus Germany remains in a period of transition, with the old almost giving up hope, with the young hoping for a revolt against the immediate past, and with the middle-aged ruling generation hoping against hope that the painful evolution since the armistice may yet carry the nation to a tolerable state of normalcy. Clouds over Germany . . . indeed, there is no means of ascertaining when they will be lifted. And with Germany under clouds, the future of all Europe remains veiled and full of uncertainty.

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HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON

By MARIE R. MADDEN

THOUGH a young republic as countries go, the United States cannot be said to suffer from the lack of apologists, critics or historians. No people have more energetically turned to survey their origins. More curiously, no people have felt themselves more independent, more unique or more individual, while at the same time their historians have been busily proving that they were really none of these. The picture of the American as an Englishman (albeit a trifle breezy) migrated from the sturdy Anglo-Saxon background of happy memory, is conventional, and conventional also is the thought that never were the American people more nobly Anglo-Saxon than when they were actively sweeping the continent into the current of the English tradition.

This complacent view must be hardy indeed if it can survive the publications of the researches of Professor Bolton in the history of the Spanish Southwest of the United States. He was not first in the field of Spanish-American history in North America. John Gilmary Shea, in his "History of the Catholic Church in Colonial Days" and his "History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes," reminded his generation of Spanish Catholic effort. Lummis and Lowery at the turn of the century made some scholarly contributions, in so many respects a welcome contrast to the picture of Spanish-American civilization as presented by Bancroft and the contributors to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America." Bourne and Moses also corrected errors from the documents and archives unknown to these.

But Professor Bolton was the first writer to open deliberately a new vista for the interpretation of the American scene. His utilization of the research of others and his own "pioneerings" in foreign archives, particularly Mexican, have produced a body of work which, while by no means final, is done with authority and prestige. In addition he has thereby inspired a whole generation of younger scholars who carry on his tradition.

No future commentator on the events of this continent can afford to neglect the viewpoints which he has sketched for the evaluation of the United States civilization. If this has arisen, as Mr. Beard suggests, it has arisen out of roots in two civilizations, and it is Mr. Bolton's contribution that he has turned the attention of historians from the too exclusive observation of English origins to survey that other type of civilization exemplified in the Spanish ideal and form of society.

Mr. Bolton is not a philosophical historian. His knowledge of the historical background in Spain is sketchy. Nor is he entirely free from the ignorance and prejudices which he scores in his later volumes on "Anza's California Expeditions" (University of California Press, 1930. 5 volumes). In "The Spanish Borderlands," published in 1921 as volume two of the Yale University "Chronicles of America," he seems to think "pacified" (that curious popular Englishing of *pacificación*) to be worthy of the delicate sneer of quotes. On the other hand he admitted that

> Ponce de León hoped also to be a colonizer, a transplanter of Spanish people and Spanish civilization. Whoever fails to understand this, fails to understand the patriotic aim of the Spanish pioneers in America.

But this is balanced by:

> It is seldom remembered that the first battles for freedom in this land (i.e., North America) were fought by the red natives;

and by the further comment that the failure of Spain to colonize the Atlantic coast was due to the absence of mines and lack of docility in the Indians. He also seems to imagine that the Spaniards succeeded in Mexico because there they could live off the supplies of docile Indians. It is difficult to say which point in this attempt at interpretation is most incorrect, but happily Mr. Bolton seldom indulges in such generalizations as these.

The great body of his work is concerned with first-hand research and his three most interesting publications, "Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta" (1919), "The Debatable Land" (1925), introduction to Antonio de Arredondo's "Historical Proof of Spain's Title to Georgia," and the "Diaries of the Anza California Expeditions," his most recent work, reveal the progress of his own interest and education in the actual origins of Spanish effort to inculcate a civilization in a difficult milieu. These books are of fascinating interest to the historian, philosopher and anthropologist, as Mr. Bolton himself perceives. For they show this difficult technique of planting a civilization, at least in this section, as it was done day by day, in life, and not in the imagination of an evolutionary, hypothesis-possessed popular writer.

The significance of these volumes will be best appreciated by the mature student of civilization. For in selecting the Southwest fringe of the United States for study, Mr. Bolton has chosen a borderland region, which by its nature could not show the experiment in its fullness, and therefore the point may be missed by the casual reader. Such study of outposts also leads the unwary to unwarranted conclusions, to the silliness that runs rampant in United States elementary and high-school texts and trails its path through more serious advanced studies.

We venture to differ from Mr. Bolton and in the quotation given below to change "It used to be the

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fashion" to "It still is the fashion" in our great public school system to teach

> that Spain failed; that the Spanish did not colonize but merely explored; that they killed off all the Indians; that the Spaniards were mere gold seekers, whereas the English came to America to found homes and to build commonwealths.

This is even taught in training schools for teachers. As Mr. Bolton points out, this comes from looking upon these salients of Spanish civilization in our Southwest as typical of the whole of Spanish effort. It is mistaking the tail for the dog and then omitting the dog. Mr. Bolton reminds his readers that America was the gift of Spain and Portugal to Europe, that in fifty years these sons of Iberia taught the world its most stupendous geography lesson for the same length of time, that their pioneers for the vast majority were merchants, planters, ranchers, soldiers, priests, miners, artists and artizans, teachers and missionaries.

> Settlement by them was so extensive and so effective that two-thirds of America are still Spanish and Portuguese today. The late-comers, France, Holland, England and Russia, found the grounds preëmpted and had to be content with the left-over areas, and the disputed borderlands to the north, the remaining one-third.

Havana, Mexico City, Lima, Bogotá, Buenos Aires, still enshrine ideals and institutions, monuments to a theory of civilization of which those do not dream who persist in writing United States history "in isolation, apart from its setting in the history of the entire western hemisphere."

That the United States is in a setting and not the setting itself, is one of the major ideas which emerge from Mr. Bolton's interesting researches. In "The Debatable Land," he calls attention to the noteworthy fact that Anglo-American aggression stopped in each case where it met the line of effective Spanish colonization, and in the border struggles—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, California—the drama of the clash at the various key-points, required two centuries before the issues were defined, each sector of the battle-front an important contribution to the development of the larger story of American history. As Mr. Bolton points out, South America (and he might have added Mexico) was Spain's widest field of activity, but to the thoughtful historian these borderlands of the Southwest, his chosen field, give the introduction to the story of these issues and to the problems for the peace of the western hemisphere which they present.

In his numerous monographs, in his editions of the diaries of such men as Palóu, Crespi, Anza, Kino, Font, Garcés, Diaz, he offers what certain moderns are fond of calling the raw material of history. He shows us what manner of men Spain sent out to sow the seed of her civilization, their intelligence, initiative, imagination, the physical obstacles to their aims, their resourcefulness and courage in overcoming these, their unbreakable resolution to achieve, their deliberate choice of institutions to fit the needs. This might even be praised as explaining to Mr. James Harvey Robinson himself, what the "new history" is.

Certainly such presentation of history makes fascinating reading even for those not particularly interested in history as history. All of the source material edited by Mr. Bolton rewards attention, but the "Expeditions" of Anza, that indomitable Creole son of the border, is so well documented and so detailed, that few episodes of early American history furnish such a story of human interest. One may retrace from the "Diaries" the 1,600 miles from Culiacán to Monterey to San Francisco, as Mr. Bolton has done, and live again the thrills of exploration and pioneering, of using the very water-holes and fords which Anza used, of visualizing the very sights that met the eyes of the colonists on the Magdalena, the Gila, the Colorado rivers, and of winding over the trails of the Sierras to the coast. And thus with Mr. Bolton he may come to a better understanding of the missionary problem of managing, converting and civilizing the Indians. The sympathy and insight with which Mr. Bolton sees these pioneer missionaries is communicated to the reader. The scholarly and humble Kino is justly admired, but no less so are also the tireless Serra, the human Font, the strange Garcés—the restless hunter of souls, who was thus characterized by his fellow Franciscan:

> Father Garcés is so well fitted to get along with the Indians and go among them that he appears to be an Indian himself. Like the Indian he is phlegmatic in everything. He sits with them in the circle, or at night around the fire, with his legs crossed, and there he will sit musing two or three hours or more, oblivious to everything else, talking with much severity and deliberation. And although the foods of the Indians are as nasty and as dirty as those outlandish people themselves, the Father eats them with great gusto, says they are good for the stomach and very fine. In short, God has created him, as I see it, solely for the purpose of seeking out those unhappy, ignorant and rustic people.

But even the detached Spaniard could not win to such an identification of interests without an iron will, a steeled determination and plentiful grace. Mr. Bolton makes it clear that he accepts these as the weapons of the civilizer and colonizer, and though the religion molding such lives is not accepted by him, as befits the scholar and the gentleman, he is nevertheless entirely respectful of it.

Though he is the practised historian in this work, one point may be noticed where his insight fails him. He remarks that however San Francisco has departed from the dream set for it by Father Font, it has remained true to its original character, an outpost of empire. Spain never flung out outposts, not even under Don Carlos III. It is truer to hold to Mr. Bolton's own figure of speech, and to regard these outposts as "germ cells of civilization." Possibly it was the military character of so much of Spanish effort that has misled Mr. Bolton. Naturally he sees the soldier, the

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presidio, as the advance guard of empire, because such are often so today, but the military discipline, order and élan which is so characteristic of Spanish genius, though not of all Spaniards, of course, has another origin and another meaning. The soldier appealed to the Roman, but he also appealed to Saint Paul, and in harmonizing the two, the Spaniard came to be penetrated with the true significance of the soldier and of war. As majestic sanctions of justice (and it was out of the missionary experience, despite Las Casas, that the presidio was adopted), these have their place against the wiles of the devil and the weakness of man. This is to admit the modern imperialistic acceptance of war and the soldier as little as it is to admit that all Spanish soldiers were Saint Michaels and all their wars just.

It is in such suggested analyses, however, that the aims, methods and lessons of Spanish civilization are to be discovered. One man cannot master the entire field. That Mr. Bolton has performed such splendid service in the section he has chosen to explore is a matter of congratulation. Not less to be admired is the generosity and kindness with which he shares his researches.

Among the distinguished, Professor Chapman, Zoeth Eldredge, Father Engelhardt, I. B. Richman and Dr. Kniffen have all published works utilizing his material, but the more numerous, humble, unknown teachers borrow from him constantly. He has been most kind to Catholic beginners in such research. Such kindness is the essence of coöperation but it should not be one-sided to the neglect of mutual advantages and the new historical writing. In passing, the readers of Mr. Bolton's works will also be appreciative of a Mr. Sidney Ehrman, through whose financial help, several publications, including "Anza's California Expeditions," were made possible. The suitable format and reproduction of Mr. Bolton's careful and interesting maps, add greatly to the enjoyment of the reader and are a witness to appreciation of culture. Would that our Catholic men of means might be moved by the same enthusiasm!

A WALKER'S MANIFESTO

By MARY ELIZABETH MAGENNIS

TWENTY years ago, before the automobile had made itself conspicuous around our countryside twenty miles from the metropolis, when to the best of my recollection there were only two in town and no such thing as a bus dreamed of, a flock of sixteen or twenty of us used to walk two miles to school. For one brief and luxurious period we were treated to a ride in a large rickety wagon with seats along the sides parallel in general direction with the horse, and the whole exposed to the elements. This took us to school in the morning. Canny souls those in authority were! They well knew how long it would have taken the sixteen from distant points to assemble. As it was, those who "missed the wagon" arrived any time around ten. Getting us home was a matter of no special concern to the teachers who were exhausted by that time, and we were privileged to foot it. Because, however, of the bibulous and uncertain nature of most of our chariot's drivers, the authorities had to abandon their idea of having us transported even in one direction by horse-power, and so we walked both ways. It was good preparation for high school. That was half a mile further.

Walking to school was an adventure. More often than not the boys ran—just as if they were bursting with a thirst for knowledge. Never by any chance did boys and girls travel together. Coeducation did not extend to our perambulations. Practice in lugging our enormous geography books and equally enormous lunches doubtless equipped many of us with sturdy muscles calculated to prepare one for either coal-heaving or the heavier tasks in iron foundries, or else with curvature of the spine. Some energetic but not particularly foresighted urchins used to eat their lunches on the way to school, their hunger increased by their antics, and thus dispose of the problem of carrying it. The more genteel but equally encumbered girls used to keep a hand free to whir a stick against the miles of pickets in the fences and railings that we passed.

All of us can remember the joy with which we welcomed weather changes in our morning and afternoon walks. In fall we delighted to scuffle through the dead leaves, and then wipe off the dust from our shoes on our stockings. In the winter it was a problem to find smooth areas of frozen ground to walk on; so much of the time the footprints of folk larger than we had made fearsome undulations underfoot. Sometimes—joy of joys!—it was so icy that we could sit on our geographies and slide down one long hill. We had a vicious trick, in good snowfalls, of asking some kindly looking person the time and pelting him with a snowball, a "watersoaker," as he was fishing for his watch. In spring thaws it was delicious to listen to the mud sucking the rubbers from our feet, and to see how deeply we could get involved without having a rubber stick in the mud when we lifted our feet. When the roads were being tarred, we were in a seventh heaven, for we plucked hard lumps of tar from the outside of the barrel and chewed it like gum.

By high-school time our walks were social affairs. One faithful lad used to wait for a girl who lived near him in a remote spot, no matter how long she chose or had to remain in school. I am sure we shall all remem-

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ber him to the end of our days as a model of constancy, reliability and chivalry. The rest of us placed notes on one another's desks arranging trysts for these walks, and I fear we felt none of our former delight in the panorama of the seasons. Now all was "dates."

I do not suggest that at any stage of our walking we would have refused to ride had opportunity offered. Indeed even in these correct and restrained high-school days we were not above riding home occasionally in a "feed wagon," cozily nestled upon a sack of chicken corn or even chasing helter-skelter after a delivery sled in the winter, to ride on the runners in momentary peril of getting a foot wrenched off against hard lumps of snow or ice. But willy-nilly we walked; we exercised our energetic little bodies; we knew the countryside; we couldn't help but feel and see nature: sunsets, river, leaves, flowers, mud, brooks; we looked for the drama of the changing seasons though we could not have dreamed of calling it by that name; we really knew the joy of motion in our bodies.

For me at least, life in a country college provided a splendid chance to indulge this taste. Whereas the walking of our earlier years was a matter of compulsion, at the college age it had acquired glamor and became a conscious preference. Very wisely, as we now know, students were not permitted to bring their motor cars with them, so that there was no traffic problem around the countryside adjacent to college. The farmers had scarcely begun to use Fords then, so roads were safe for walkers. While striding along uninterrupted, one traced the pleasure of walking to the physical delight experienced in taking long strides, recognizing strang scents, or coming upon unexpected or familiar views.

On our walks to the nearby cider mill we felt the rich fruitfulness of autumn much as it had impressed Keats; we loved the blue smokiness of the atmosphere, the wildness of the gusty winds that whirled the colored leaves about in cone-shaped spirals. The smell of burning leaves mingled deliciously with the fragrance of the crushed apples, and perhaps a guilty contraband cigarette lent its illicit perfume to the occasion. In spring we found our way like homing pigeons to the secluded creeks made by a beneficent Providence for waders, or up slopes covered with daffodils or apple trees in blossom. Trudging heavily on clumsy snowshoes in winter, or perhaps crunching along a hard snow, in an after-chapel perambulation in the evenings offered ample opportunity to contemplate the dazzling brilliance of the winter sky. As freshmen we recognized only Orion and the dippers, but as seniors we knew Venus and Sirius and maybe Castor and Pollux and the Northern Cross.

After college, after the war, after the prosperity wave, cars came. Everyone bought a Ford. For a short while this provided piquancy for the walker. Would one perhaps get a lift part way in a friend's new car? If one were carrying bundles, that would indeed be a boon. But to dyed-in-the-wool walk-lovers the car has proved a calamity. I say "calamity" advisedly, because unless we be strong as steel, our lazy and baser natures yield to the temptation of time-saving when a ride is offered us.

Now what is the situation? We can't walk along the river road with pleasure any more as it is a main highway. The blur of traffic whizzing by is a constant annoyance. The horns, the jamming of brakes, the clatter of defective parts, shatter the peacefulness of the earlier scene. You might think our small side road would be better. It is; there are fewer cars, but they are all run by our friends who take it as a matter of course that we prefer riding, and who would question our sanity if we said we'd rather walk. And well might they question it. You could walk along the road many a day at any hour you chose and not meet a soul walking, be the day ever so fine. Young folks ride to the library and post-office, whereas a few years ago it was a pleasant afternoon jaunt to walk there leisurely and back. But even for short distances strapping young creatures hop into the car and drive. An extreme case is that of a young woman who lives on one road and her mother on another which joins hers in arrow formation. When she visits her mother, instead of walking perhaps two hundred yards through a pleasant shady school yard, she rides, unless someone is using the car, going down her road and up another to her mother's, thus traversing a distance of over eight hundred yards.

But are there no stretches of unpopulated road left where one isn't so likely to be picked up by well-meaning neighbors? As it happens, there is near us a by-way through practically primeval forests, a road of great natural beauty. But here, too, another insidious thing has happened. Thanks to the automobile, which moves not only the God-fearing and honest to their appointed destinations, but also the raucous and uncouth, you dare not walk on this or many other lovely and often beautiful roads without attracting attention of an unwelcome sort. One does not fear tangible violence or offense; it is just that the atmosphere of your walking is so changed. What should be a free privilege, simple and available to all, turns out by an anomalous fate to be the sport of the comparative few who can betake themselves to remote parts, or the too little discriminating who do not object to the fumes and noises of our machine age.

Fortunately there are a few forests left: birch groves and high hills overlooking the river, ponds, and stone walls rambling up hills. But you cannot walk for perhaps more than an hour without coming out on an accursed auto highway. The solution seems to be compromise with the enemy. You might take the car by the throttle and roll off to some remote and grassy spot. Perhaps to your great good fortune there may be a mile or so unviolated by luncheon parties or hordes of well-meaning but giddy creatures shrieking, "Can you im-a-a-a-gine?" Then if you have a spark of gumption or vitality left, you may finally enjoy a walk.

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THE MYTHICAL TARIFF CONSPIRACY

By GEORGE K. McCABE

WHEN President Wilson called economists "tedious persons," he probably had in mind their eighty years of nagging about free trade. Until this year nothing seemed to come of this academic propaganda except boredom, but now the gods of finance and business have turned an attentive ear. This change of attitude is due not so much to a scholarly disposition, fostered by honorary degrees conferred on the practical men of the world, as to an alarming decline in our foreign trade. Since the Smoot-Hawley Tariff was promulgated last June and the rates of duty on imports raised about 20 percent, the value of this trade has dropped by more than a third. To assert, with the unfortunate sponsors of this legislative throwback, that domestic business has fallen off by a fifth only serves to prove that the excessive decline in foreign trade is due to foreign reprisals.

This charge is, of course, another of our oversimplifications because external trade depression is due to many causes. Moreover, the charge cannot be sustained. The Argentinian attempt to shut out our films illustrates the difficulties which are involved in launching a reprisal.

The incident originated in a newspaper campaign proving to the people of Buenos Aires that the American producers were drawing huge profits from their showings there, because, it was said, their rentals were based on a percentage of gross receipts without deduction of the 10 percent tax paid by competing entertainments. To support these contentions the editors pointed to the decay of the legitimate stage and the imminent death of the paltry film-producing industry. In response to popular clamor the Cabinet raised the rates on sound films by 1,600 percent. In dollars this meant a duty of $600 paid on the entry of an eight-reel picture, as compared with $35.00 under the old schedule. American producers protested that only a few of the most popular pictures could stand so high a levy. A month later, during the first week in April, three of Hollywood's super-features were released with the portentous warning that they would be the last American films shown. Two days later 1,200 Argentinian exhibitors presented a petition to the Cabinet; they and their 20,000 employees were on the verge of ruin, they said, because no pictures could be produced locally. Before the end of the week the ruinous duty was replaced by a tax of 20 percent on the net incomes of exhibitors. The Cuban attack on American smoking tobacco was just as short-lived; and with the return of cold weather the Finance Minister of Ecuador lifted the embargo on shoes.

More lasting and effective has been the French assault on American automobile imports. Although the vice-chairman of the United States Tariff Commission asserts that the French Chamber could not have foreseen the passage of the Smoot-Hawley bill when they imposed this higher tax, the sales of American vehicles declined from 5,612 in 1929 to 3,286 in 1930, whereas Italian producers increased their sales by 10 percent.

The only other effective reprisal was instituted by the Canadians. After a moderate increase in their general tariff, the import tax on American cars was raised by changing the method for arriving at the base for the ad valorem rates. The diversion of the Nash production for Canada from Wisconsin to Ontario is said to have been a direct result of this increase.

The numerous other upward changes in rates in 1930 can be explained on other grounds than reprisal. Henry Chalmers, a tariff expert for the Department of Commerce, emphasizes the desire of most of our customer nations to reduce imports so as to cut down their unfavorable balance of trade. Many of them have been buying, from American and other manufacturers, more than they can pay for, after covering their heavy interest payments on external borrowings. Their buying power has been curtailed by the refusal of American investors to continue the generous lending policy of former years. Brazil, her credit ruined by adverse economic circumstances, and her slender stock of gold depleted by exportation, has attempted to cut down the importation of flour, gasoline and coal by a partial embargo.

Another important cause for recent tariff rises abroad has been the desperate need for additional governmental revenue. Some of these increases have been mistaken for retaliatory action. For example, the Egyptian government was said to have reacted to our Smoot-Hawley rate on their cotton. In reply Premier Sidky said: "Rumors that I decided to take reprisal against the United States by increasing the tariffs on American goods are absolutely false. I still have faith in the United States government, that it will reconsider the high tariff imposed on Egyptian cotton, which unquestionably hurts us tremendously." He goes on to say that the chief American import, automobiles, is admitted free of duty. The real reason for this tariff increase was his inability to balance the budget in any other way. Similarly, in Chile, the government was so straitened by the loss of the export duty on nitrates that the import taxes on oil, automobiles and luxuries were raised. Inasmuch as these are not produced in Chile no protection could have been contemplated. Financial necessity was back of the Indian government's action in increasing the import taxes on those commodities best able to bear the higher levy. Most of these happen to be from this country.

Almost as common a cause of customs increases has been the agitation to reserve the home market more

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and more for the domestic producer as a means of neutralizing the economic depression. French barriers against German coal, Mexican embargos on agricultural products, Canadian prohibition of Russian imports and our barring immigration are applications of this policy.

Even though it may be alleged that these explanations are tinged with an administration bias, it cannot be said that a European conspiracy has been hatched against our entering their markets. This allegation is made by Mr. Mooney, vice-president of General Motors, and by Mr. Peter Fletcher, of the National Council of American Importers. The former deplores the formation of customs unions and reciprocal tariff bargains. He thinks that the scrapping of most-favored nation treaties, which still guarantee our goods the same treatment accorded those of any other nation, will leave the American exporters without a foreign customer. Although this may be as good a forecast as that of any student of the subject, nothing of the sort has materialized since the passage of the higher tariff last summer. For example, the British proposal that France reduce her levies on British goods by 25 percent was met with a storm of protest from French manufacturers. Besides, the Labor government was unable to offer any reciprocal concession without raising the rates assessed on the products of other nations. This the Conservative party plans to effect if its leaders can convince the British electorate of the advisability of the plan. Meanwhile British Imperial Preference is foundering on the rock of depression. Canada has already withdrawn this privilege (a rebate of one-third of the duty) from English imports; Australia has raised her duties 50 percent on a long list of English goods, and placed an embargo against others; South Africa is drafting most-favored nation agreements with Germany and the Netherlands. These preclude the possibility of granting any special favors to England or the dominions.

The Continental protests against the proposed customs union of Germany and Austria forecast its defeat at the hands of the Hague Tribunal. M. Briand's United States of Europe is scarcely more than an old man's whim, a plume for his hearse.

Furthermore, how can Mr. Fletcher speak of our tariff as a spite fence when the Tariff Commission has reviewed the rates on eleven items in ten months with an eye to moderation? Undaunted by the President's refusal to admit tomatoes and cherries (in brine) at a reduced rate, these guardians of the scientific tariff have brought wood flour within the reach of all by a 50 percent reduction in the rate of duty.

The Nebula M 81 in Ursa Major

Upon His lovely Mother's knee,
The Baby Jesus shouts with glee
And calls admiring angels in
To see His shining pinwheel spin.

LAURA MOSELEY.

CONTRASTED GOSPEL CRITICISM

By J. DONOVAN

NO EDUCATED Catholic, especially in English-speaking countries, can afford to assume an attitude of indifference toward the insidious attacks made on our Gospels in the name of science and erudition by the school which passes under the name of higher criticism. This school for over fifty years has held a monopoly of the chairs of Scripture in almost all state universities of Europe and America. Their destructive theories have been popularized through the daily press and the popular novel, and have percolated to the masses to such an extent that the one prop of belief, once so firmly held by Evangelical Protestants the world over—faith in the Bible—has been loosened, and weakened when not altogether shattered; with the resulting decay, which we all witness, of belief in the remnant of Christian teaching left standing by the reformers.

All this confusion and decline of faith has arisen not from the writings of agnostics and sceptics alone, but from those of Protestant divines enamored of the methods of higher criticism, first applied amid the applause of the learned world to the Homeric poems. Hence it is with undisguised satisfaction we welcome the recent and unexpected phenomenon among our separated brethren—a voice raised not only in defense but in loud and loyal acclamation of our four Gospels. And this voice commands a hearing; for it speaks with authority, in the name of science and sound Greek scholarship; and it heralds its witness by focusing attention on the revolution that has been silently going on in recent years in the parallel question affecting the Homeric poems.

On this *volte-face* of learned opinion no one has a better right to speak than Professor John Scott of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. It was an essay from his pen that, in the first decade of this century, made the largest breach in the ramparts hitherto deemed impregnable of those higher critics who advocated multiplicity of authorship as the only rational explanation of Homeric origins. On reading this essay Andrew Lang declared that it had sounded the death knell of Homeric higher criticism, and he added that it would prove to be the death blow of biblical higher criticism as well, "since criticism of the Bible depends on the assumption of the truth of the higher criticism of Homer." Certain it is that the underlying principles are essentially the same in both these applications; and now that they are an acknowledged failure as regards Homeric unity, which has been vindicated beyond doubt, Professor Scott in agreement with Andrew Lang expresses the conviction that the failure of their application to the Bible will be universally admitted within no great interval of time.

Professor John Scott's brief but concise and masterly treatise giving the results of his studies in biblical higher criticism, has been recently issued from the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, under the auspices of the Shaffer Foundation. It is entitled, "Luke, Physician and Historian," and should be read by all Christians who love the Gospel. Seeing that it comes from an absolutely unbiased and independent critic, whose profound knowledge of Greek assures us of his competence to interpret original sources, Catholics cannot do better than commend it to any Protestant friends in whose minds doubt may have been raised by contact with the writings of Dean Inge and so many other clerical sceptics.

Here is Professor Scott's refreshing declaration on the authenticity and integrity of the four Gospels: "I want to make the following prophecy. In a few years there will not be a single scholar of any standing in the world who will doubt that

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Matthew was written by Matthew (the Publican), Mark by Mark, Luke by Luke, and John by John; and that the Gospels were from the very beginning in all essentials exactly as we now have them. I base this prophecy on what has happened in the last twenty years in the kindred field of Homeric criticism." He further insists that when Tatian, Justin the Martyr's disciple, left Rome "there were but four Gospels and those four were exactly the same as the four Gospels we now have." Tatian's flight before the persecution cannot have been later than 160 A.D. and took place more probably about 150 A.D.

Contrast these plain and unequivocal affirmations with statements given to the press in the same month of November, 1930, by an Oriental scholar who is Keeper of Manuscripts in John Ryland's Library, Manchester, England. This gentleman, Dr. Mingana by name, recently unearthed a Syriac copy of the Gospels of the kind in use among the Nestorians of the Near East. From a colophon and title of this MS. he drew the most absurd conclusions on the authorship of Saint John's Gospel. The present writer pointed out the inconsequence of Mingana's inferences in two articles that appeared in the October and November issues of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

And now this Syriac scholar returns to the attack. Here is his latest pontifical utterance, which was printed in the *Manchester Guardian* in the last week of November, 1930: "Coming to the New Testament I might also assert that there is not one independent and unbiased critic in a hundred who believes that the Gospel which passed under the name of Saint Matthew was by Matthew the Publican, or that of Saint Mark by Mark, a disciple of Peter, or that of Saint John by John, son of Zebedee." Professor Scott, in the very same month when Mingana delivered himself of this very old heresy of the higher critics, was providentially providing the Christian world with its antidote. Dr. Scott is a non-Catholic; his testimony to Gospel authenticity is all the more welcome for that.

COMMUNICATIONS

WAR GUILT

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor: "I have no doubt that he [Father Hoffman] finds Mr. Barnes's historical methods faulty when they deal with Christianity. Why do they become excellent when the professor deals with war-guilt?" So asks Abbé Ernest Dimnet, apparently unaware that he himself is a perfect illustration of how a scholar's methods may function logically on one subject and quite illogically on another. The nature of Professor Barnes's will to unbelief simply clouds his mind on the theme of Christianity, just as the intense French patriotism of the author of "The Art of Thinking" generates too much mental heat to enable him to be coolly disinterested when applying rational thought to the attitude of his country to Germany.

Even so, it strikes me as strange that even a French abbé should attempt to make the point that none of the nations in 1918 ever thought of any other guilt for the war but that imposed on Germany. "Not one voice was heard against Article 231." Well, does that mean that intelligent men, Abbé Dimnet, for instance, must assume, therefore, that the sole guilt of Germany for the war is right and justifiable? It may be that no one spoke out in Sodom of old, but God apparently took no account of that fact. The implication I get from the abbé is that if an immoral condition is widespread enough so that no one protests, then he would not be obliged to protest over its existence. Nor does it matter whether he objects to the analogy; it still remains true that, irrespective of whether the fastening upon Germany of sole responsibility for the war be immoral or not, the silence or concurrence of the nations has nothing to do with the question of truth.

Then, the abbé proceeds to ask why the Mussolinis and the Poincarés of Europe today say nothing and do nothing to alter the drift of Article 231. He might as well ask why do not Andrew W. Mellon and John D. Rockefeller say something about the tariff and do something about it when almost all our professors of economics teach that our present tariff is all wrong. Certainly, as long as France can maintain the whip-hand over Germany, no Tardieu will even calmly listen to the question of whether there was such a thing as sole guilt. And the man on the street can tell Abbé Dimnet why the materially entrenched are not psychologically likely to entertain truths that disturb an achieved status.

"America especially had been heavily propagandized," he says, meaning, I suppose, by Germany; and probably he actually believes that our European Allies just did not know anything about propaganda. The memory of my generation, however, still recalls how heavy the bombardment of print was in those hysterical days and how speedily German publicity was submerged by the British. Fortunately, the evidence lies open in the files of the newspapers, in pamphlets and in books. The heaviest propaganda won the day, and America entered the war against Germany.

I should think that in bringing up propaganda, the abbé would have the answer to his questions. The infiltration of the fables of the "atrocities" of the Germans was pretty thorough and it ought to make plain why sanity is so long in returning to the minds of men. "The march of the human mind is slow," said Burke; and propaganda once lodged is difficult to exterminate. To what fantastic national courses it may lead, routing common sense completely, is made rather vivid in "The Martial Spirit," a book which I urge upon the abbé if he is still naively asking why nations in the so-called triumphs of victory do not pose for themselves embarrassing questions.

Then comes the curious assertion that if the other nations were minded to blot out the attribution of sole guilt to Germany, France could be isolated, but no nation has made the movement. Well, well, what does that prove? It seems to me that there was one Woodrow Wilson who fought rather hard to check the demands of France to greater and greater crippling of the German people, and it seems to me that there have been many occasions in the last twelve years when England counseled France to moderation and yet had to consider that the entente with France had to be maintained. If I must live amicably with my neighbor and find him touchy on the less important aspects of a certain subject, I certainly cannot well proceed to the more important and count on amity. As long as the French were put into the state of mind that sent their armies into the Ruhr, neighboring countries certainly could not listen to Abbé Dimnet and speak to his countrymen about the responsibility for the origin of the war.

What the example of 1870 has to do with the case, I do not quite see. "Few voices were heard in protest" because France "was beaten and paid a heavy penalty," says the abbé. Well, history is one long, long story of beaten nations that have given spoils to the victor. But I thought the question was as to whether the sole guilt of Germany should have been written into the Versailles Treaty and should be maintained there today. Is that not quite another matter?

"Is the Young Plan—which is not French but an American arrangement—so unjust?" Cardinal Newman would call this coloring the truth. "American arrangement"? Yes, in the

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sense that America was invited by Europe, after France was forced by the world to recognize that "Germany's final liability had to be determined," to quote Thomas W. Lamont. In fact, the abbé may remember that the Reparation Commission invited the American delegates, and the American government merely interposed no objections to the assent given by private American citizens.

"Does not Father Hoffman know that every cent paid by Germany to France goes to France's payments to America?" Probably Father Hoffman doesn't, for the facts are that there is a difference of $170,000,000 between what Germany pays her creditors and what these creditors transmit to the United States, and the bulk of that amount is kept by France. Furthermore, the contrast between the attitudes of France and England toward their debts to America should have caused the abbé to refrain from asking his question.

It so happens that former Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton, speaking here at the commencement of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, pointed out a patent fact that further makes the abbé's question quite beside the issue. "Britain, France and the others, by making the sums owing us a part of the German reparations, simply transferred to Germany the whole burden of their indebtedness to us, and, inferentially at least made their payments to us conditional upon Germany's payment to them. Naturally to these arrangements our government has not agreed. It still maintains that those who borrowed from us, and not a third party, are responsible to us for payment."

Unlike Abbé Dimnet, Ambassador Houghton, who is neither Frenchman nor German, thinks that reasonable, thoughtful people are no longer believing in the sole guilt of Germany and believe that the time has come to raise the question. Abbé Dimnet speaks of the "Christian spirit," but his article exhibits less of it than does our ambassador in this passage: "If Germany no longer possesses in herself the power to carry on indefinitely, if the reparations payments are slowly but surely draining her dry, then either she must be left to go under when finally exhausted, or she must be given the necessary assistance." And when Father Hoffman and this ambassador point out that this "draining dry" is founded upon the assumption that the German people are moral outlaws, it seems to me in the "Christian spirit" for them to ask whether that assumption is correct, the hysteria of 1918 to the contrary notwithstanding.

ELMER KENYON.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Just because you do not get letters every time someone writes something in favor of continuing the disarrangement in Europe following the Versailles Treaty (?), may mean that the readers who do not agree with the thing have their opinion as to whether or not the writer may be on a propaganda payroll or have some other urge which makes him that way. But when Hilaire Belloc comes out in a letter about "War Guilt," as he did in your last issue, that is something else.

It seems to me that one cannot let a historian do it without suggesting to him that President Wilson did make an agreement or contract known as the Fourteen Points and that it is historically true that one of the groups complied with the conditions and that the other group did not. So there seems to be a simple solution to the damnable situation "made in Versailles," and that is that the other party should keep its word. To continue the "blunder" of Versailles, Trianon and St. Germain just because it would incommode certain governments, who won at their own game, is not sound reason nor good common sense.

MICHAEL F. GIRTEN.

THE THEATRE

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Action Needed

THE SUDDEN, though not highly dramatic, demise of the Church and Drama Association carries to the grave one more futile attempt to reform the theatre from without. The more I have studied the vagaries of the theatre during the last few years, the more convinced I have become of two points: first, any improvement in the standards of the stage must come from displacement of the bad by the good; second, this displacement must start from within the theatrical world itself.

When I say, "from within the theatrical world itself," however, I am merely stating the case for direct action instead of such indirect and well-intentioned action as that attempted by the Church and Drama Association and countless other theatre clubs and associations. I do not mean that the forces anxious to foster a better stage should stand by meekly and wait for the spirit of sunshine and decency to descend on present theatrical producers. I do mean that these forces should organize themselves to take an active part in theatrical production, and by honest competition displace little by little the lewd sophistication which is now filling most of our theatres. During the business boom period, when new theatres were springing up almost every week, displacement would have been a difficult matter. Today, when economic pressure is turning more and more playhouses into motion-picture theatres, the task of displacement is much easier. Theatre rentals are lower, production costs are less, and actors of the better type are more ready to listen to any sane proposals that will assure them some security of income. The public, too, is in a more receptive mood. People who have endured sobering experiences during the last two years are now far more appreciative of honest values in playwriting. Plays as simple and perceptive as Channing Pollock's "The House Beautiful" touch a responsive chord today. Sturdy romance is coming once more into its own.

Under such conditions—action is needed, and at once. The trouble with nearly all attempts to influence the drama from without lies in their inability to meet the theatre on its own terms, that is, to influence managers' profits one way or the other. Just because a play may be innocuous enough to merit commendation from some worthy organization does not mean that that commendation drives patrons to the box-office. Quite as often it may drive them away, convinced, a priori, that the recommendation of a reform organization spells preachiness or dull stupidity. On the other hand, if such organizations directly attack a thoroughly obnoxious play, the added publicity is just what the managers are seeking. Direct action is quite another matter. It affects managers' profits through competition, alike for audiences, playwrights and actors. If intelligently handled, it might provide an example of profits on which every manager would bend a keen appraising eye. Moreover—and this point only those of the theatre will understand fully—it constitutes professional effort, and thus merits added respect.

The question is, where should such direct action originate? Personally, I believe it is an urgent responsibility of those persons of means who happen to have honest standards of living and thinking, and who, whether "theatre-minded" or not, know and understand the social power of the theatre and realize where present conditions are leading us. It would give me great pleasure, if the etiquette of journalism permitted, to name at least twenty-five men and women in New York who, with less than 5 percent of their joint annual incomes, could furnish

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sufficient capital to start at least two strong theatrical producing groups. The twenty-five names would include only persons whose personal character and principles would be entirely in harmony with the idea of a decent stage. Most of them would be people who, at this very moment, are bemoaning the "immoral times" and calmly shifting the blame to any other shoulders than their own. Some of them may have lost $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 in the depression, leaving them with perhaps only $20,000,000 of capital. They are feeling quite "reduced." Yet there are other people who have had the courage to start theatrical enterprises with only a few thousand dollars to their name—with possibly one-tenth of 1 percent of the wealth of any one of the people I have in mind. Is there no obligation of leadership and constructive action resting upon men and women so fortunately placed? I believe there is, and that the time to exert that leadership is now.

What makes the obligation all the more imperative is the fact that practical financial action toward improving the stage does not entail the idea of charity or endowment. The economics of the theatre are looked upon as precarious by those who know very little about the subject. But it is a well-known fact that whereas individual plays may fail, bringing considerable loss, the law of averages works out quite satisfactorily for those who have sufficient working capital to balance four losses against one success. I know of one play which cost less than $10,000 to produce, but which netted its owners in the neighborhood of $150,000 clear profit in a year. That is ample to balance losses of $25,000 each on four complete failures. Moreover, the sale of motion-picture rights has come in as an economic stabilizer. Sound business management (often lacking in present theatrical offices) and scientific testing of plays in advance would minimize the risks and enlarge the chances for profits.

The whole matter, as it stands today, can be summed up by admitting that those who do most of the criticizing of the modern stage are doing the least to apply a practical corrective. The same lack of initiative and leadership which has characterized the conduct of business during the last two years also marks the attitude of those capable of doing practical good in the theatre. The condition of the theatre today offers one of those chances for practical idealism which ought to be a moral challenge to every responsible man of wealth and decent instincts. Today $500,000 would do the work of $1,000,000 two years ago, and with equal chance of a respectable business profit. But behind all idea of profit we need awakened perceptions, a clearer understanding of the obligations imposed by wealth, and a sense of proportion vastly different from that of the Pharisee. I have great respect for the courage, at least, of those who risk everything they have in the continuous adventure of the theatre, but no respect whatever for those who raise their eyebrows in horror over the stage of today and do nothing with their vast wealth to give it a new and healthier and more glamorous life.

Singing Waters

One loud and crashing deluge is the sky,
And all the hills are laced with flashing falls,
And loud from strath and glen as we sail by
The voice of water calls—

The voice of singing water; and the deep
Long-buried wellspring that has slept so long
In the dark cavern of my heart, from sleep
Wakens again to song.

WILFRID GIBSON.

BOOKS

Frank Apologies

Old Errors and New Labels, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

IT IS pleasant for one who has observed and enjoyed Dr. Sheen's triumphs since his salad days as an undergraduate debater to acclaim in THE COMMONWEAL his more mature successes, especially since they have been dignified, brilliant and enviable. By him the superlative traditions of the French pulpit, that stretch like a band of light from Bossuet to Père Samson, are being perpetuated here also, and he has unconsciously stirred many young priests to greater enthusiasm in the work of preaching.

The present collection of essays will serve to keep all his old friends, and doubtless gain new ones. Some of the papers have already enjoyed popularity, for example, "Peter or Pan" and "Making the Stork a Bootlegger." It is quite true, as he says, that "never before has she [the Church] been so intellectually impoverished for want of good intellectual opposition as she is at the present time." And again, "The Church knows that to marry the present age and its spirit is to become a widow in the next."

In "The Philosophy of Mediaeval Art" Dr. Sheen applies the "impersonal, dogmatic, and sacramental" qualities of mediaeval philosophy to mediaeval art. Scholars like Joseph Bédier, however, will scarcely agree that the authorship of the "Roman de la Rose" is in doubt, like some of the church hymns that "have come down to us with little or no trace of the author who wrote them." The "Roman de la Rose" was composed by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung. Nor is mediaeval literature impersonal to the degree that Dr. Sheen seems to claim, though accident and distance may make it seem so. Certainly no work of modern or ancient literature bears more meticulous internal and external documentation than that of Geoffrey Chaucer.

The thesis of the impersonality of mediaeval expression can be better sustained in the plastic arts than in letters. But here again Dr. Sheen is misleading when he says that "in the beginning of the thirteenth century the 'Dance of the Three Dead and the Three Living' gave the key to much of the art of that period." Does he confuse the "Dit des trois morts et trois vifs" with the "Danse macabre"? The "Dit des trois morts et trois vifs" is indeed a French poem dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Four poets, Baudoin de Condé, Nicolas de Margival, and two anonymous hands treated the legend. But if we except one elegant minature in the thirteenth-century manuscript that accompanies Condé's poem (Arsenal MS. 3142), the poem inspired no artists of the period whatever. The legend really entered into art in a materially different form toward the end of the fourteenth century. In 1400 it is found in the "Hours" of the Duc de Berry, and a little later sculptured on the portal of the Church of the Innocents in Paris.

"The Triumph of Death" of the Campo Santo at Pisa Dr. Sheen makes a window. It is not a window, but a great fresco, one of the most famous in Italy, in which Andrea Orcagna enshrines in immortality Castruccio Castrocane, the Al Capone of his day, with a group of his friends. Dr. Sheen will remember that the windows in that loveliest of cloisters are unglazed, round-arched and filled with delicate Gothic tracery. The "Danse macabre," to which he also refers, does not appear before the end of the fifteenth century. As an example of

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the *memento mori* common in mediaeval art, he mentions the skeleton in the Church of St. Peter, Bar-le-Duc, but here again we know quite well the artist, Ligier Richier, who executed the piece, and its date, 1545, is extremely late. A better example would be William Sylke's chantry in Exeter cathedral.

A last instance: Dr. Sheen speaks of the "titanic glooms of the hopeless that inspired Fra Angelico's representation of hell." But if there was one subject that Fra Angelico could not paint (be it to his eternal credit!) it was the pains of the damned. He could paint, as Berenson says, "the joys of suffering with exquisite clarity and truth," he could picture paradise in a lucid atmosphere of ardently envisioning piety, quite as no other artist has ever done. But in him there was nothing of John Webster, or Michelangelo, or even of Luca Signorelli. The "titanic glooms of the hopeless" for which Dr. Sheen is looking, he will find clearly imaged in the frescoes of Signorelli in the cathedral of Orvieto, or better yet in the sustained menace and terror of the Gothic sculpture on the façade of that same cathedral.

These details, however, affect only slightly the main bearing of Dr. Sheen's thesis. He says with precision, "The art of the middle ages is the art of a redeemed humanity." The point can be pressed farther. Even the pagan art of the Renaissance remains impregnated with the Christian spirit. As Émile Male says, the Venus of Botticelli is a Christian: "Son regard a cette tristesse que nous avons dans les yeux depuis les catacombes."

SPEER STRAHAN.

American Cross Currents

The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America: 1860-1920, by Vernon Louis Parrington. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00.

CRITICS have insisted on calling this series of studies in American thought, of which "The Beginning of Critical Realism" is the final volume, a literary history. It is not—for all the debt owed to Taine. Parrington contributed something more important to the confused and turbulent state of mind in this country. He wrote the history—the graph—of ideas which have animated the social, economic and political life of America from 1620 to 1920. It is a careful documentation of lengthy and inquisitive research, which expressed its findings in original thinking and clear, forceful writing. All the cross currents and contradictory ideas of the American scene are tracked to their source and the personalities from which they sprung are studied with discerning analysis.

Naturally, much literary history is included, but the ideas are of prime import and not literary significance. Parrington has been accused of failing to appreciate Poe and minimizing his position in letters. This is a gross misunderstanding of his purpose. Parrington was concerned with Poe's ideological contribution which, in spite of the independence of his critiques, was small compared to the social import, for example, of Wendell Phillips. The point of view is that of a Jeffersonian. From this advantage Parrington extracted the marrow of ideas of men as different as Henry Ward Beecher and Henry George.

The positing of the conflict between old-fashioned democracy and the economic determinism of the industrial revolution begins with his opening sentence. "When America," he writes, "laid aside its arms after Appomattox and turned back to the pursuits of peace it was well advanced toward the goal set by Alexander Hamilton three-quarters of a century before . . . an America had emerged unlike any the earlier generation had known. . . ." The industrial revolution created the great

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cities and "in drawing men from the plow to the machines was to undo in a few brief years the long work of the dispersion, repudiate the ideals of the enlightenment and provide a new pattern for a consolidating urban society. . . ."

This is the theme of his critical discussion and found woven in American life to the turn of the century. Like a thread it continued through the works of the Adamses, the rebels Henry and Brooks, in the manipulations of Jay Cooke, and in the reversal of thought marked by the difference between Emerson and Dreiser. Parrington provided the gilded age with an acute descriptive phrase—"the Barbecque." He attributed the rise of naturalism to the regimenting of the individual by the machine age, which soured "society shut up within the portals of a static economics that dwarfs the individual and nullifies his will, reducing him from a child of God to a serf." After outlining the failure of Howells, Twain and Melville to cope with the crushing force of the new order, Parrington found in the writers of the twentieth century, robust protest against the regimented life. He noted Frank Norris, Dreiser, Anderson, Masters, Sandburg and Lindsay, as "spokesmen of the resentment welling up in the American heart at the loss of the older freedom and individual dignity."

Perhaps in Parrington's work is presented the swan song of liberalism. It was our cultural and intellectual misfortune that Parrington died in his prime, before he completed his work beyond 1900. The end of his study is filled out with reprinted essays and lecture notes. It is only a sketchy fragment, edited by a colleague, E. H. Eby, at Washington University. For all that, his study of American thought provides a much needed and unequaled treatment of our ideas. One has only to glance at surveys by Barrett Wendell and others to know that Parrington's deeply penetrating criticism of the American mind will not be replaced, though it is to be hoped that someone will complete his treatment on the modern age in a manner comparable in intellectual integrity and readableness.

EDWIN CLARK.

Moving Forward Badly

The Tragedies of Progress, by Gina Lombroso. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.75.

READERS who relish statistics, and have courage to face the discomforting truths they convey, will be deeply interested in Madame Lombroso's volume. It is brimful of information. Its author outlines the rise and progress of crafts and commerce in Europe, the flowering of letters and the beginning of material comforts in the days of Elizabeth, the executive genius of such men as Colbert, the great inventions of the eighteenth century, its wealth and growing extravagance. Industrialism was on the throne when the mighty nineteenth century began its eventful life.

For the double-headed god of American finance—mass production and mass consumption—Madame Lombroso has scant reverence. Even the sacred American phrase, "high standard of living," leaves her unmoved. She has considered conditions in the whole working world, and has reached the conclusion that the wiping out of small local industries was as unwise as it was pitiless. The overwhelming efficiency of machines has speeded up, not production only, but taxation and the cost of living. "In Europe taxes have grown so heavy that the citizen can consider himself a workman who toils for the state." Human muscle and human brains are drugs in the market. Industrialists confess that they cannot keep their plants busy unless they find fresh fields for exploitation. "We must mobilize the planet Mars. Else, where shall these fields be found?"

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Today the tragedy of progress is unemployment. Russia, indeed, does not permit such a thing; but Russia's methods are unavailable under a constitutional government. Her sons must work where she pleases, at what she pleases, and for the wages she pleases to give them. The alternative is starvation. England's method is more humane, but not more endurable. She compels a small body of taxpayers to support an idle population. Germany, sunk in despondency, is striving to underbid the rest of the world.

None of these examples, however, appeal to Americans. We cannot yet believe that the age of mechanical progress has ended in an impasse. We will not yet give over our dreams of fabulous wealth. It is on the whole more agreeable to listen to Mr. Mellon who says that the standard of living, on which our purchase power depends, must be maintained at all costs, and that we shall somehow, sometime, find ourselves on a solid economic foundation.

Madame Lombroso is less sanguine, yet in a measure reassuring. She places her confidence in a world shrunken somewhat, but steadier underfoot, a world of individual rather than of collective industry. She sees in the French system of small agricultural holdings, of small commercial units, the best chance for the race. It does not spell wealth, but it very seldom spells disaster. It makes without doubt for greater content and a highly developed intelligence. There are more farmers in France today—so says Madame Lombroso—than in the United States. They do not have measures passed for their relief. They put their hands in their pockets, and relieve France when she stands in need. They feed her well when she is at peace, and they can feed her, well or ill, in the bitter days of war.

AGNES REPPLIER.

The Funny Man

American Humor, A Study of the National Character, by Constance Rourke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MISS ROURKE'S book is on the whole an admirable study of certain writers and certain aspects of the national character, though its title is somewhat misleading. The extended critical estimates of Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, Whitman and even James are often penetrating and provocative but they are scarcely studies in American humor. Of course there was considerable humor in James and traces in the other writers, but the amount of space devoted to them and the long discussions of their place in literature do not belong to a book which purports to deal primarily with humor. However, the earlier part of the book is quite within this province, and Miss Rourke's division of early American humor into three categories —that of the Yankee, the pioneer, and the Negro—is interesting in itself and interestingly carried out.

It is in her analysis of the "tall tale" that she makes her most valuable contribution to American critical literature. What a pity that instead of her dissertations on Emerson et al, she did not devote more space to our contemporary humorists—to Ring Lardner, Will Rogers and our columnists! And it would have been better, too, if she had written in a style of greater clarity. There is indeed field for a humorist in a discussion of the tortuous writing of many of our modern critics, a style which is in its own way as annoying as the flowery periods of an earlier day.

Miss Rourke says many good things. It would have been better if she had shown less strain in saying them.

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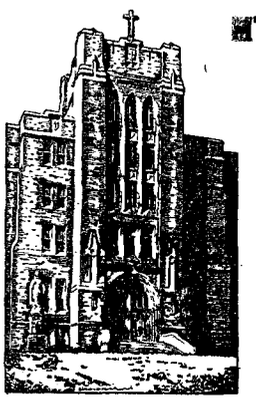

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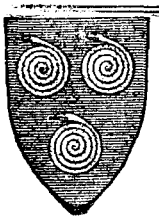

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Briefer Mention

Poetry and the Criticism of Life, by H. W. Garrod. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. $2.00.

THE CENTRAL purpose of Mr. Garrod's lectures at Harvard, a selection from which constitutes the present volume, was to maintain that "the ideas of the imagination fall with an ethical ring." This attack upon the movement to divorce ethics from art must have been a little difficult to carry through, but somebody had to attempt it and Mr. Garrod managed without too much fuss or preaching. One feels, to be sure, that the whole scope of this aesthetic debate has been misunderstood on both sides. There follow two good addresses about Matthew Arnold, considerably more discriminating than we have got recently from American critics; a fine analysis of Emerson, possibly the best thing in the book; a somewhat finespun dissertation anent Clough; an agreeable talk about "The Testament of Beauty"; and a plea for recognition of objective inspiration in poetry.

Djuka, by Morton C. Kahn. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

FOR ETHNOLOGISTS Dr. Kahn's study of the bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana will be both interesting and valuable; for any other class of reader its appeal will be decidedly limited. There was unquestionably ample material in the author's hands for the development of an engrossing account of jungle life. Unfortunately he has missed most of the opportunities to attain this end. As a result "Djuka" becomes merely a cut and dried, albeit thorough, description of the life led by those descendants of African slaves escaped to the upper reaches of the Guianan rivers. It must be added also that the appendix notes on phallic symbols are an evidence of bad taste on the part of both author and the publisher.

Animosities, by Peggy Bacon. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SARDONIC etchings by Peggy Bacon have long since helped many people believe they saw through life. In the present volume she appears as the writer of snapping lyrics written in what might be called keen-pointed doggerel. Her epigrams are sometimes real enough hand grenades; and such little poems as "Token" and "Interne" are, unless we sadly err, among the permanent minor explosions of American satire. But not all the book is, by any manner of means, up to this level. Too much of it is the result of looking about for matters toward which animosity may be entertained, pictures drawn and verses written.

CONTRIBUTORS

DR. MAX JORDAN, well-known former Washington correspondent, sends this article from Berlin.

MARIE R. MADDEN is the author of "Political Theory and Law in Medieval Spain" and has contributed various Spanish biographies to the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences" and authoritative historical reviews to *Thought* and other periodicals.

MARY ELIZABETH MAGENNIS is a student and teacher of literature.

GEORGE K. MCCABE is a member of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh.

LAURA MOSELEY is the editor of the recently published "Diaries of Julia Cowles."

REV. J. DONOVAN, S.J., of the English province, is the author of "The Theory of Greek Prose Composition" and "The Logia in Ancient and Recent Literature."

WILFRID GIBSON, an English poet, is the author of many books, of which the latest is "Hazards."

REV. SPEER STRAHAN is a well-known poet, and professor of English in the Catholic University of America.

EDWIN CLARK is a contributor of literary criticism to the New York *Times* and other periodicals.

AGNES REPPLIER, an American essayist, is the author of many books, of which the latest is "Mère Marie of the Ursulines."

GRENVILLE VERNON is the author of "The Image in the Path."

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